

# Good Morning 724

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

## One Million Finger Prints

(And the system shows one error in every sixty-four thousand millions)

By STUART MARTIN

IF I were asked what is the greatest contribution the establishment called Scotland Yard has made towards the detection and prevention of crime, I would at once reply—their finger-print system.

There are no Sherlock Holmeses or other fictional brains-trusts of criminal investigation at the Yard. More nonsense has been written about the edifice than about any other department in our social life. The very name has been the subject of various guesses. Why Scotland Yard?

THE sober truth is that it took its name from a house which was occupied by the kings of Scotland when they visited the English Court. The house was a "palace" adjoining the London residence of the Archbishops of York, called York Place. In 1519 Cardinal Wolsey acquired from the authorities of Westminster Abbey the "parcel of land formerly belonging to the King of Scotland." Then Henry VIII threw Wolsey out of York Place and joined it up with the new York Palace of Whitehall.

In an Act of 1531 the boundaries of the new York Palace to the "croft or piece of land commonly called Scotland." At the northern end of the plan there is marked a double court, or yard, called "Scotland Yard."

The first police station in Whitehall was in a private house, the back of which was entered from Scotland Yard. Official documents dated 1829 show that the new police station were called "Whitehall Place" as often as "Scotland Yard."

But Scotland Yard prevailed. This, of course, was before the new Scotland Yard, the one we know today was built near the Embankment.

The site near Big Ben was chosen because the work of the police was growing rapidly. That was in 1885. Previous to this—in 1874—the land had been reclaimed from the river with the object of building thereon "the world's

finest opera house." The proposed opera house never got beyond its foundations, which can still be seen in the basement of Scotland Yard. It took 2,500 tons of granite to make that basement, and all the stones were quarried and dressed by convicts at Dartmoor.

That granite is just about as solid as the routine of criminal catching. In saying this I am merely emphasising that detectives are not wonder-workers. A detective is the same kind of man as you or me, except that he has been trained, by constant dealing with crime, to handle it.

He is just a man as God made him. He can't divine the intentions of a person in the street, but he may suspect. And if he suspected everybody whose face he didn't like he would be taking up more time than he could spare.

But when we come to the work of the C.R.O. (Criminal Record Office), which deals with finger prints, we are touching something that is romantic if you like. For the officers of the Yard proved that the Bertillon system of measurement was certainly not always to be trusted, and developed a system of their own.

One print of a finger is often enough. I remember a case where a burglar had scaled a gate with spikes on the top. A ring on his finger caught on a spike, and when he dropped down part of his finger was



Articles left at the scene of crime being examined and tested for finger prints at Scotland Yard.

torn off. The finger was taken to the Yard. The man was identified, and was convicted on that evidence alone, plus the fact that his lacerated finger stump was healing.

It is an office rule that where there is only one print obtainable the officer who obtains it from an article should also have his prints taken. The reason for this is that once a cop was investigating a robbery at a Museum and, after a bit, found a good thumb-print on a Neolithic axe of polished stone. He brought the print to the Yard in triumph—and there it was shown that the print was of his own thumb!

Up till 1901 the identification of criminals depended on the system invented by Dr. Bertillon, of Paris. He worked out five body measurements, the breadth and length of the skull, the length of the foot, the length of the middle finger and the cubit (the length of the arm from the elbow to the tip of the middle finger).

He worked out three classifications, small, medium, large. He noted the colour of the eyes, the ears and other matters which were again worked out in seven divisions. I believe the system is still operated by the French police.

But it was found in practice that in order to measure your criminal you had first to catch him. In the finger print system you can identify the wanted person and then catch him.

Francis Galton was one of those who did valuable work towards perfecting the fingerprint system. He was, I believe, first attracted to the idea by finding that in some nations fingerprints were partly ceremonial and partly religious.

Then Sir William Herschel, of the Indian Civil Service, began to study the system. There was a considerable amount of false personation in Indian courts then, and he advocated fingerprints to check this; but his report was received in Whitehall with mild scepticism.

Now—here comes the romance—there was a man in the Indian Civil Service who began to work out a classification theory.

A lot of points bothered him. He went out one day for a long ride through the Indian jungle, and as his horse was trotting along the solution suddenly came to him like a flash. He turned home and set to work.

Meanwhile the Bertillon system was showing defects, and this young man, whose name was Edward Henry, was retiring from the office of Inspector-General of Bengal police, after his fingerprint system had been adopted by all the Indian organisations. He came to

London in 1900 at the invitation of the Home Office and explained his system.

It was easy to pick faults with the Bertillon system. Measurements were made by calipers, and one measurer might press the calipers a bit tighter than another. A second measurement might thus disagree with a first, and the whole classification thrown out of gear.

Henry was appointed head of the C.I.D. by the Home Office, and that was the beginning of the fingerprint method of identification which has now been accepted by every civilised country.

It was more than that; it was the beginning of the Crime Index, the Criminal Record Office, the Crime Museum and the Photographic Laboratory. And the Police Gazette.

The Finger-print Register was made available to every station in the country. A funny reaction to the system was the attitude of the known old lags. They were quite indignant at the idea of having their prints taken. One of these habitual criminals, indeed, voiced his disgust. "Let your men come and identify me," he said to an Inspector, "but don't bring no new-fangled business in behind a man's back, so to speak. It ain't English, that's wot!"

But it was emphatically a success. By 1934 the number of identifications made amounted to 400,000. To-day it is nearing the million mark.

Yet that was not the end. Mr. Battley, head of the C.R.O. in 1930 made a remarkable extension by close classification and filing of single prints. Battley's system has been proved to be effective in that any single print found can be identified with any print of the finger. Up till then the classification included all the ten fingers.

When you hear of people opposing the fingerprint system and saying it is not without possibility of error, you can agree; but you can add that the errors possible are one in every sixty-four thousand millions!

That is getting as close to infallibility as any human being has a right to expect.



## A NEW HOME MESSAGE FOR Sto. Douglas Knight

HERE is a picture of your wife Cecelia and your son and heir, Douglas Jun., L. Stoker Douglas Knight, of 215 Loches Road, Dundee.

It was rather a coincidence that I should call on your wife the very day she had moved into her new house, which she has been preparing for several weeks, writes "Good Morning" Reporter. This will be a complete surprise for you, as she really intended keeping this secret for your home-coming.

However, I persuaded her to let you know this way, which, you will agree, is even more thrilling.

Young Douglas also celebrated his eleventh week birthday that same day and is full of boyish mischief already and smiles all the time. While your wife looks after her mother, the baby gets his daily airing with the different neighbours who declare he is a perfect gem. He is never happier than when out in his pram.

Your wife told me that he grows more like you every day, same colouring, same eyes, same hair. She hopes he will not be too spoilt by his Granny, who makes such a fuss over her first grandchild.

Uncle Michael was home during the VE day celebrations, so you can well imagine how cheery he kept the household. He said he believes he will be going out your way on his next trip.

Your father, mother and family are travelling north in August to spend their holidays in Dundee, and are counting the days when they will see their first grandchild, also.

Your wedding presents are sported all over the house, and your wife's favourite table cover—the one you gave her with the "Mountains of Mourne" design—was brought to my notice with real pride.

Cecilia was so wearied awaiting the decorators—they are short staffed—that she commenced to do the painting herself, and you'll be amazed when you see her handicraft.

I can assure you, Douglas, you are a lucky fellow. Everything in the garden is lovely for you, your wife, the baby and the house.

### Packets

WHEN the Mayor and Mayor-ess of Eastleigh (Alderman and Mrs. George Wright) threw a party recently to more than 50 returned Eastleigh Prisoners - off War, together with their wives and sweethearts, in the gaily-decorated Council Chamber each, ex-P.O.W. was presented with a handsome wallet, embossed with the initials of the recipient in gold, and containing a £1 note, a voucher entitling two to lunch at a local hotel, a season ticket to a cinema, a book of stamps and an up-to-date bus timetable!

## The Bended Knee, The Fervent Kiss, "Madam, May I Hope?"

AFTER breakfast, first one, then another, dropped away and dropped down on one knee; again left only Sir Charles and me together. Lucy was the last that went and the moment she had withdrawn, while I was thinking will you permit me before I rise to retire to dress, he placed himself by me. "Think me not abrupt, my soon, madam, the happy husband of dearest Miss Byron," said he, "if I hope to be. I prescribe 'no' to you take almost the only opportunity that has offered of entering upon a subject that is next my heart."

I found my face glow. I was silent. "You have given me hope, madam; all your friends encourage that hope. I love, I revere your friends. What I have now to petition for is a confirmation of the hope I have presumed upon. Can you, madam, can you say that the man before you is the man whom you can, whom you do prefer to any other?" He stopped, expecting my answer. Although my cheeks were crimson I answered with a calmness that astonished myself: "Sir, I Can—I Do."

He kissed my hand with fervour and dropped down on one knee; again left only Sir Charles and me together.

"You have laid me, madam, under everlasting obligation; and I will permit me before I rise to beg an early day. . . . Make me by me. "Think me not abrupt, my soon, madam, the happy husband of dearest Miss Byron," said he, "if I hope to be. I prescribe 'no' to you take almost the only opportunity that has offered of entering upon a subject that is next my heart."

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S. Richardson (1689-1761). From "The History of Sir Charles Grandison."

We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first to "Good Morning," c/o Dept. of C.N.I., Admiralty, London, S.W.1



# THE HEATHEN MORO

In the Philippines  
live the Moros,  
pearl divers

JUD Harvey watched the short procession coming round the corner of the white stucco houses, and as Datu Alim appeared in all the splendour of his pilgrim robes of silk, Jud smiled with satisfaction.

"That is the man, Eddie," he said to his companion in a low tone. "That is Datu Alim."

**Eddie Marsh fixed his gaze on the Datu and took note.**

A Datu is an important person in the Philippines, and Datu Alim was an important *pangiran*. He was a Moro and once a year or so each Moro who is a professed Mohammedan, makes his pilgrimage to the mosque.

On this event Datu Alim had brought out all his jewellery for the occasion. Behind him came his umbrella-bearer, his *buyo* (areca nut) box-bearer and his bearer-of-the-ink-well.

**Around Alim's neck hung the finest pearls that had ever come out of the Sulu Sea; and it was the pearls that attracted the attention of Eddie Marsh.**

"Take a good look at them, Eddie," said Jud, "for these are the pearls we are going to lift—I mean the pearls you are going to lift—when he returns from the pilgrimage to-night."

"I see them," said Eddie. "A heathen Moro shouldn't have them. They are too good to remain in the Philippines."

They sat on the verandah of the hotel until the small procession passed, then Jud laid down the plan.

There had been not a little thought expended on the method of how to take Datu Alim's pearls. Found by poor divers in Bohol Bay, the pearls had been seen only once in the market. From the market they had disappeared to come into the sunlight again one as a rope round Alim's neck.

**Now, Datu Alim was a Moro, and when a Moro desires a thing he mostly gets it.**

There had been whispers that Alim had become possessor of the large pearls because of his *barong*, the heavy, short chopper with razor edge and thick back, which is the chief ornament of a Moro's dress.

The divers who had brought up the pearls were never seen again in Mindanao. The pearls belonged to Datu Alim.

"You will have to get into his house, Eddie, but that is a trifle. I shall give you a letter to him. This letter will ask for the loan of one of his schooners so that we may go fishing. He will receive you in the room on the ground floor which opens out on to the garden."

"When you get inside you slip this tablet into his wine glass and the trick's done. Then, putting the pearls into the bag, you hand it out to me. I'll be under the window. You leave by the front door so that the servants will never suspect."

"Meet me on board the steamer due out to-night. We'll be miles down the Sulu Sea before they discover the Datu. It won't matter then."

**Eddie nodded his head. There was no finesse in this affair. It was a simple case of lifting pearls from a Moro, who was a Mohammedan.**

"I'll take a little knob stick with me in case the dope doesn't act quick enough," he grinned. "He's not likely to use that *barong*, is he?"

**Eddie shrugged his shoulders and laughed. He knew what the special purposes were.**

When Datu Alim presided over away from the Philippines that night, his village tribunals he delivered very night. By the time the authorities came to any conclusion they would be well away, and in any case Eddie was the lightest fingered man who had ever stepped into the Philippines.

He was used to the business and he never left a trail. He and Jud strolled about the town during the afternoon, idly watching the natives in the bazaars and looking at the fishers who came in to land their catches of sponges and turtles. They saw the procession leave the mosque and return through the main street.

But the great special purpose of the *barong* is when, perhaps because of a distaste of life, or because of a vow to the Prophet, the *barong* owner runs amok and kills as many heretics as he can before the constabulary shoot him down.

When he is shot the *barong* descends to the next of kin who places more ivory decorations upon its handle and takes up the thread of life until he too lays it down in turn.

**The rule of the *barong* has the merit of antiquity.**

Jud Harvey and Eddie Marsh had had their eyes on the pearls ever since they appeared for one day in the bazaar. There were many others who had tried to get them, but the others had approached Datu Alim through his servants and had met with a curt refusal. The Datu did not like trading with whites.

So Jud and Eddie had decided on their method. From running shady schemes elsewhere they had moved over to Manila, where their harvest was not so good as they had anticipated. From Manila they had come down the island to Mindanao.

**For adventurers like Jud and Eddie there is usually good picking in the Far East where brown men are easily diddled and yellow men are fools.**

Out in the roadstead lay the steamer which would take them dinner that evening. "Our

finances are pretty low. Manila isn't what it used to be."

Eddie laughed. He knew the truth of what his friend had just said.

"I've got the feeling it was a mistake to come over to Manila," he remarked. "It's getting too civilised. I suppose we'll sell these pearls at Macao?"

**Eddie nodded, smiled, and pulled a little knobstick from his sleeve. He tapped it against the gold ring on the little finger of his right hand.**

"This right hand has never failed us yet," he laughed, "and I'll use the stick only as a last resort. Your dope is generally strong enough for a knockout." "I'm giving you special stuff, Eddie. It will keep him quiet for twelve hours. These Moros have sweet teeth and you can tell him it's pure sugar. They'd die for it in their wine."

He wrote the letter on the hotel paper. Such a communication along the waterfront, while Jud would bring a Datu up to the scratch, for the hire of a fishing boat meant a good price for the Datu.

When the letter was finished the two friends went out. Save for the twinkling of the lanterns swinging on rusty hooks above doorways and open bazaars, all was dark and calm. It was a perfect night.

"We'd better not go aboard the steamer together, Eddie," said Jud. "I'll bring the bag down and you can follow at your leisure. There's always a bunch of watermen who'll bring you out. I'll tell the skipper you'll be along later. But come before midnight. We sail then."

"I'll be, or you'll hear from me," replied Eddie.

"When you see the window open on to the garden be ready to grab the bag," replied Eddie. "Gimme the dope. So long."

He took the bag and strolled along the waterfront, while Jud walked in the opposite direction. In all their careers they had not struck an easier job than this. (To be continued).

## QUIZ for today

1. What is the difference between gudgeon and dudgeon?
2. What is a D.E.M.S.?
3. What does "by" mean in town-names like Whitby?
4. How many Books are there in the Bible?
5. How much of the weight of an 18-carat gold ring is pure gold?

6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Bradford, Hull, Huddersfield, Leeds, Bolton, Sheffield.

### Answers to Quiz in No. 723

1. Cobra is a snake; copra is dried coconut.
2. National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.
3. Fort.
4. 1611.
5. 60 minims (or drops).
6. Viscid does not refer to size; others do.

## People are Queer

QUARTERMASTER-SERGEANT JOHN COLE, Royal Engineers, was the first man to leave Mumbles, Swansea, when war broke out. He returned home, the first man of the district to be demobilised—which is as it should be.

WHEN people go to hear Colonel Holman James give a lecture, they get a stock-whip exhibition thrown in. Claiming to be Britain's marathon lecturer, Colonel James, employed by the War Office, is always dashing here, there and everywhere, to say his pieces. With him goes the stock-whip, of which he is an expert.

He recently astonished a chieftain of Nigeria by riding past him on a horse and flicking a piece of paper out of his hand with the whip.

And there's no doubt he can keep the whip-hand of his audiences.

MR. CHARLES TAYLOR wandered down into the village inn at Willington, Sussex, and found the boys having a hotly-contested game of Shove Ha'penny. It was a game he liked and one that he was pretty good at—so he offered to make a match of it with anyone who felt they could shove a good ha'penny. It was a good game while it lasted, but it didn't last long. Unluckily for Mr. Taylor, the local champion happened to be in the bar that night.

Mr. Taylor took his licking sportingly, and all the lads lined the bar for the round of drinks it is customary for the loser to stand. But Mr. Taylor couldn't do it.

He had the money in his pocket; he liked the company; he would have enjoyed standing that round of drinks. But he couldn't. He remembered just in time that, as he was a candidate in the recent election he would be liable under the Corrupt Practices Act if he so much as paid for one man's drink.

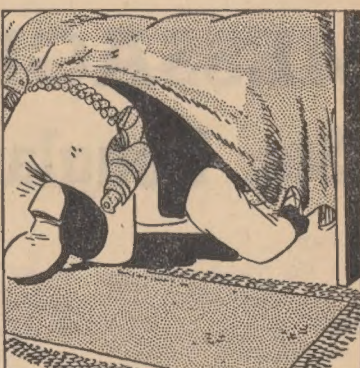
So the boys, when he explained his plight, swallowed their disappointment and stood him one or two instead.

LANCE-CORPORAL JOHN BEDWELL, of Bayswater, London, has been having a trip many of us would like to make. He is one of the first British soldiers to have visited Hitler's famous hide-out at Berchtesgaden.

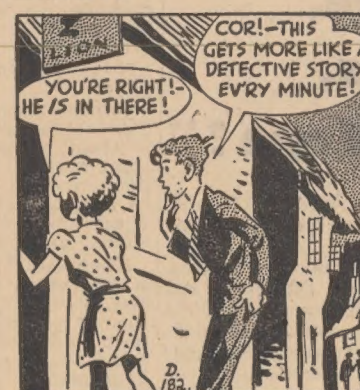
It was all a bit too peaceful for him. As a "Desert Rat" from Alamein, he would have liked to have gone in fighting to ferret out the Large Black Rat who used to live there. It was all too tame, going up in Hitler's gold and bronze lift and peacefully wandering through the great rooms of the "Eagle's Nest." "A bit of a barn," is how he described it.

D.N.K.B.

## BEELZEBUB JONES



## BELINDA



## POPEYE





# BRITAIN IS GOING DRY

Reports Gerald Edwards B.Sc.

BRITAIN is going dry. That is the literal truth concerning the country's water situation. Yet you need not think that at last the silver lining of the rain cloud is showing itself and that the rainfall on this country is getting less.

While it is true that we are in the midst of what will be a five year period of a low average rainfall, we are still getting about 15 times more rain than we use.

The trouble is that we are wasting rain on one hand, and using far more water in industry and the home, on the other.

For many years we have regarded water as something that is given us, usually in too great a quantity and at the wrong times; something which must be cleared away as

quickly as possible. To do this we have built roads with water-proof surfaces and side-walks through which the rain cannot percolate.

To get rid of all the rain which would otherwise flood the surfaces, we have built at great expense, long and complicated systems of sewers and drains to carry the rain back to the sea from which it came.

In other words, we spend fortunes to throw away water of which millions suffer from a shortage every year, and thousands of others in rural districts cannot get easily during the whole of the year.

In our zeal for land drainage we again treat the rain as a curse instead of a blessing without which nothing can live. The war accelerated our use of water, and the reckless way in which we have robbed nature

of stores that are now reaching exhaustion point, adds emphasis to the national shortage.

The changing face of Britain is the testimony to our prodigality. In many parts of the country, especially throughout the south, there has been a progressive drying up of springs, ponds and wells. Rivers are shrinking as the years pass.

Compare the flow of the Thames of some 500,000,000 gallons a day in March, 1944, with 846,000,000 gallons in 1934, and 895,000,000 in March, 1921. Even the men who ply their craft on upper waters of the Thames in barges and lighters have expressed alarm at the slackening flow of water.

In Worcestershire springs that once gave 200,000 gallons daily have enormously shrunk and give to-day but 130 gallons!

In Wiltshire, over 25 years, the Kennet has dried up until it is now little more than a winterbourne.

In London the level of the underground water supplies has been reduced to between 200-300 feet below sea level, and is being used up faster than it can soak down again from the surface, when rain falls.

The reckless use of nature's gift is admitted by many of these companies responsible for our water supply.

## HON. WATER WORKS.

The needs of the great cities are met by robbing the natural supplies that exist in the country round about; many large estates exercise their own privileges on the land which they occupy by sinking wells which may drain the land for many miles away.

That is why the British Waterworks Association has appealed for the formation of a Ministry of Water—a counterpart to the Ministry of Fuel—to conserve the resources of the country and to plan their use on a national scale. It would

be the task of such a ministry to make a complete stock-taking of our water resources and to decide how they should be used and allocated.

The wasteful use of water by industry, by which it is used once and then thrown away, would probably be checked and cut-throat competition between those who own private wells would be eliminated.

The building of reservoirs, where water could be stored to even out the periods of varying rain, would be encouraged and aided, while the opposite policy of drawing direct from rivers, wells and springs, and using almost immediately, would be discouraged.

The Government is planning to spend £21,000,000 on providing piped water supplies to rural areas throughout Britain.

Unless preparatory work is done beforehand to discover where sufficient water exists to fill these pipes and then combined action is taken to allocate the resources fairly, those pipes may soon be dry and rusty.

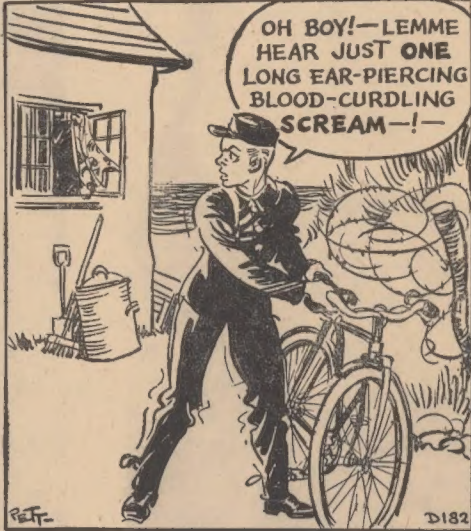
## Wangling Words No. 663

1. Behead a tangle and get a negative.
2. Insert the same letter seven times and make sense of: licendgthrehppy.
3. Name one fish and two shell-fish which can be written in capital letters consisting entirely of straight lines.
4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: If I — you French, you must not — in the exercises.

## Answers to Wangling Words—No. 662

1. G-lass.
2. Penny wise pound foolish.
3. THINK.
4. Chin, inch.

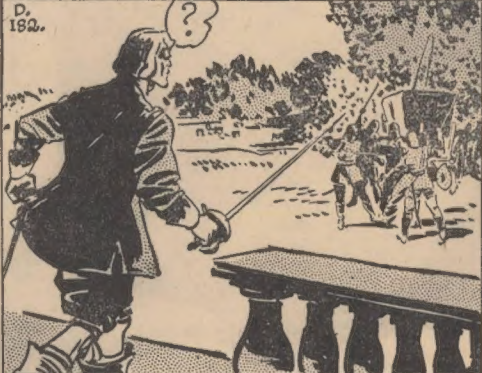
## JANE



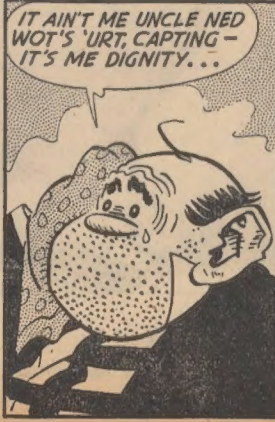
## RUGGLES



## GARTH



## JUST JAKE



## Not So Dusty

AFTER small parts in "Cover Girl" and "A Thousand and One Nights," Dusty Anderson has skipped several rungs on the fame ladder, and plays the lead opposite Warner Baxter in Columbia's new Crime Doctor film, "The Paper Doll Murders."

Though she hasn't been long in films, Dusty is no stranger to the camera.

She was once one of New York's top models, and because she thought nothing of going to the seaside in icy weather to pose for pictures, she gained for herself the majority of swimsuit posing.

Though she has achieved a leading role, Miss Anderson is cast in her new film as a model, so she still retains the flavour of her old profession.

Born Ruth Anderson on December 17, 1918, in Toledo, she became "Dusty" when her former boss, Harry Conover, thought her long legs were like those "of a dusty colt trotting round in a Western."

She is 5 ft. 8 ins., blue-eyed, brown-haired, and weighs 118 pounds, which is distributed in ideal fashion.

Cathryn Rose

## CROSS-WORD CORNER

S	SPUD	HIND
CHAR	IBERIA	
RIPE	REMAND	
ELICITS	TOO	
ELDER	EDEN	
D	DOVER	A
BEEN	CUFFS	
PAL	ISHMAEL	
ASLANT	MINE	
DREDGE	ERSE	
SAND	WARY	P

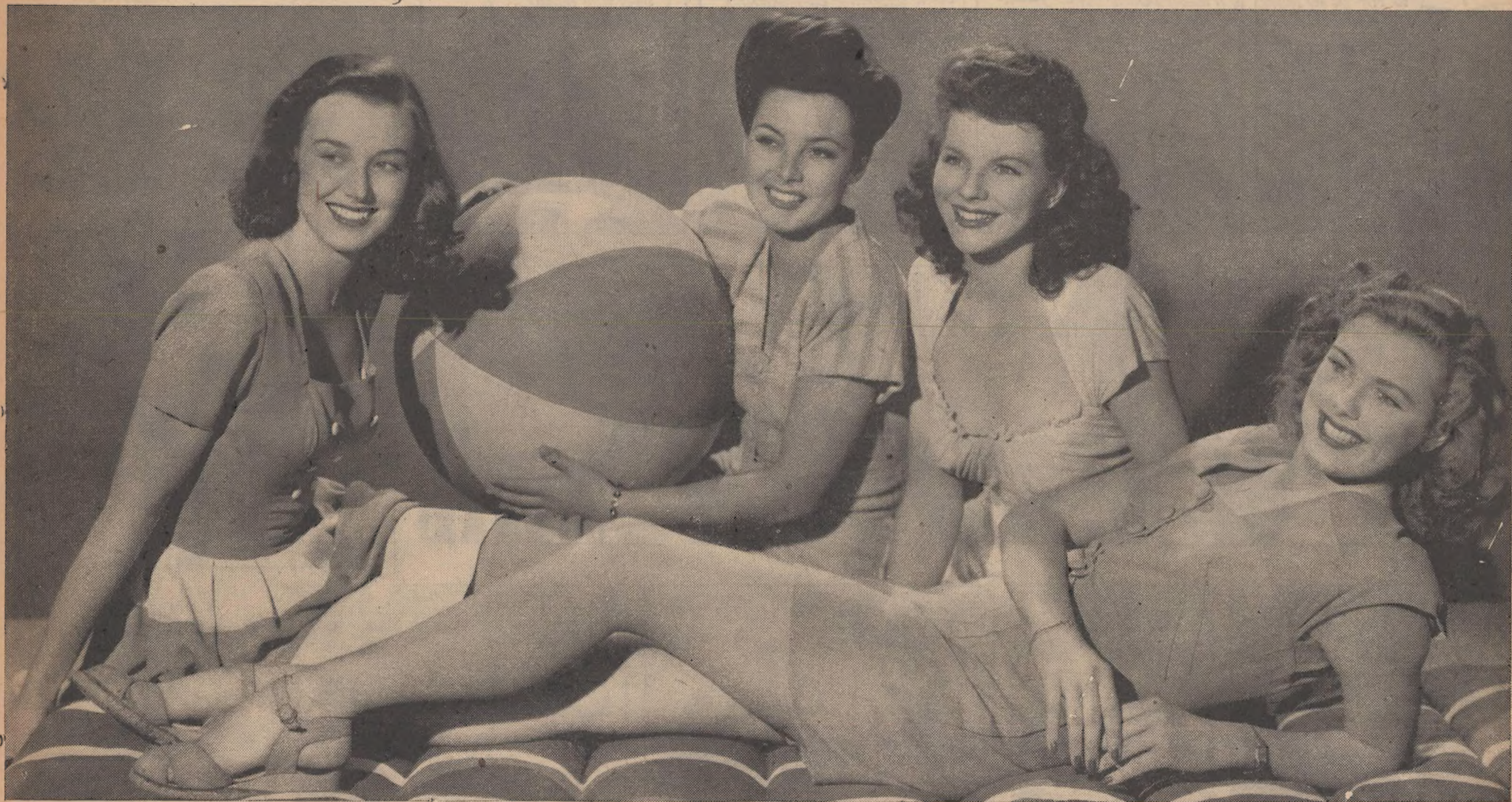
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CLUES ACROSS.—1 Make happy. 6 Pointed. 10 Bright. 11 Coin. 12 Rejoice. 13 Bird. 15 Purify. 17 Scottish river. 19 Insect. 21 Parent. 22 Sheep dish. 25 Of mixed colour. 28 Corrected. 30 Stopping-place. 32 Hold forth. 34 Outfit. 35 Bag. 36 Used up. 37 Many fish.

CLUES DOWN.—1 Makes drink. 2 Negligent. 3 Bring out. 4 Imprudent. 5 Surfelt. 6 Pileless. 7 Possession. 8 Deer. 9 Edible seeds. 14 Exercise. 16 Make ashamed. 18 Climber. 20 Be horizontal. 21 Compendium. 22 Seed covers. 23 Sound harshly. 24 Carriage. 25 Fish. 26 One of U.S.A. 27 Live. 29 Adds. 31 Tilt. 33 Drink.



Good  
Morning



In a gallant — but, we fear, futile ! — effort to end the “ war of the pin-ups,” we are publishing to-day an assorted bunch. We’re not taking sides, we’re not saying anything — in fact, we’re going out for a drink ! — and you must fight it out yourselves without any help from us.